


THE **Quill**

**A MAGAZINE FOR
WRITERS, EDITORS,
AND PUBLISHERS**



So I Changed My Tactics

By George Ovie Hopkins

Does the Special Edition Pay?

By Arthur W. Johnson

As the World Wags, He Takes Its Pulse

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"Those Damned Obits"

By Tom Mahoney

Interviewing "Old Jim"

By Sidney Birdsall

May 1932

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Travel and the Newspaperman

Upton Close Explains His Views and Work

UPTON CLOSE—scholar, adventurer, novelist, outstanding authority on the Orient. Mr. Close has lived and travelled in the Orient for 18 years. He edited the Peking Gazette, world's oldest existing newspaper; he acted as personal adviser to the dictator General Wu Pei-fu in the Student Revolution; he served as special investigator for the United States Government during Japan's invasion of Shantung; he surveyed the present Manchurian invasion for the League of Nations. His "Revolt of Asia" was the basic interpretation of Asia's rise—called by Melville Stone, late President of the Associated Press, the "best piece of journalism of the year." Educators use his "Outline History of China." The cable editor of the United Press at San Francisco called his "Eminent Asians" the "correspondent's Bible." Upton Close had articles on the present crisis in April Scribner's and May Cosmopolitan.

NEWSPAPERMEN used to be "hard-boiled" about travel. The way to increase the weekly check was, they thought, to stick close to the city desk. The way to win a by-line was to gently scoff at all things foreign—to preserve pure and unblemished the homely viewpoint of the town pool hall. That was the strategy of the "wise guy."

Times have changed. Not only for the interpretation of foreign events, but for the handling of the routine of local and national news, publishers and public want men who have seen something of the outside world and who have seen the home world from outside. That trend will increase mightily as history turns—on this nation as its pivot—from the Atlantic into the Pacific Era. This country is only just entering upon its international life which will be mainly in the Pacific basin—concerned with Pacific Asia and South America.

I have enjoyed moderate success as a journalist.—Several assignments as foreign correspondent, several syndicate series, most of the magazines at various times, five books. I am still young. But I belong to that group who are pioneers in a new field, who are preparing the way for the men who will "cash in." I have dug out material in Asia. Isaac Marcossou and Will Durant, with due thanks, have used it. Other men have had similar experience. Harry Franck—the scholarly "vagabond"—most prolific living writer of travel books and great observer, has dug out basic stuff in the South American continent and elsewhere. It has assisted highly paid writers in the "big" magazines. I can count half a dozen men whose names appear above daily dispatches from foreign cities, whom I first encountered in drab local jobs, who came perhaps to "interview" me when I arrived to lecture for the local woman's club. I have interested many editors and some news service heads in more adequate and more intelligent "coverage" of Asiatic news. On my various Cultural Expeditions to Pacific Asia, I have left a dozen or more young men and women working on English-language papers and periodicals there and I can count a number who have returned from such travel and contacts to be advanced at home—a U. P. editor, a girl on a small-city paper, a young man in a syndicate.

BEING a pioneer has its own rewards, and I am content. But a pioneer wants people to profit by the trail he blazes—to advantage from his work. I have, through years of previous contact, and six years of execution, established the annual Cultural Expeditions Through Pacific Asia and Around South America. They can give you in one summer contacts with foreign societies and a detached viewpoint of our own society that it took me thirteen years to attain as a single-handed newspaperman. They operate on a non-commercial, educational basis giving you the actual travel and accommodations at half what you can cover the ground for "on your own."—I still make my precarious living out of lecturing and writing, not out of the travel business!

The Expeditions exist for you and your friends who are awake to the demands of a new age in Journalism, as well as in history.

PICK your field at once. Pick a field that will be important in this Pacific Era. Come to Asia with me, or to South America with Harry Franck. The Expeditions are not "tours." They are short courses in Oriental, or South American history, life and politics, plus all the adventure of a summer amid the world's most picturesque civilizations.

On the magnificent Canadian Pacific liners you may attend daily lectures, as you prepare yourself for your off-the-trail looks at Japan, Korea and China. In the Orient (after a colorful visit to Hawaii) you will meet high officials of the Japanese and Chinese governments, attend garden parties given for you by cabinet ministers, personally chat with distinguished diplomats who have made Pacific Asia the most significant area in the world today.

THE Asian Expedition sails July 2, from Vancouver. Sixty-four days. Tokyo, Kamakura, Nikko, Nara, Kyoto, Beppu, Seoul, Mukden, Shanghai, Soochow, Hankow, Nanking, Peiping—the Jewel City—and a hundred others.

Most young men and women prefer the \$565 rate, all inclusive—all summer. For \$740 practically first-class accommodations are available. Expeditionists may return through Siberia and Russia at a slightly increased cost.

Harry Franck, author of "A Vagabond Journey Around the World," will take his group to historical Cartagena, city of Bolivar, and Lima, city of Pizarro. Then to the disputed area of the West South American coast, across Titicaca, highest great lake, to La Paz, Buenos Aires, Montevideo, Sao Paulo, Rio de Janeiro. Most popular prices ever worked out for travel in the southern hemisphere.

Write to Us — or Call at the Office

CULTURAL EXPEDITIONS, 112 East 19th Street, New York City

THE QUILL

(Reg. U. S. Patent Office)

A Magazine for Writers, Editors, and Publishers

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Number 5

So I Changed My Tactics

Life on a Country Weekly Is What You Make It,
This Young Newspaperman Learned by Experience

MY first few weeks on a country weekly took all the heart out of living. I was marooned on my own responsibility and didn't know what to do about it.

After studying in the school of journalism at the University of Oklahoma, I got a job through the school as reporter on the weekly *Elk City (Okla.) Journal*. I thought I knew and could do plenty on that sheet.

I landed in Elk City on Sunday night and was kept awake most of the night by a drunk in the next hotel room. I found the *Journal* the next morning. My new boss looked me over. He wasn't impressed. I tried to act like I knew something, but he knew. He handed me the last month's issues of the *Journal* with instructions to read them over and see what I could learn.

That was an idea. I started in, recording as I read all possible news sources. That helped a lot.

Later the boss dictated a story. It scared me. I worked to get that copy clean and when I turned the three sheets over to him, they were clean.

"That's a clean piece of copy, Hopkins," he said, glancing at it. "I think you'll do."

I was broke, and the boss knew it. He gave me five dollars about the time I asked for it. Like a sap, I rented a room without looking at it. That night I found myself on a straw mattress, cold, no stove in the room, no mirror, and no bathroom. That taught me something—after I couldn't get anything back.

By
GEORGE OVIE HOPKINS

Back to the boss I went after more money. It was harder to get this time. Rooms were hard to find. Finally I located one in an old rooming house. I stayed there three

months—they were the most miserable three months of my life. I wasn't happy and I couldn't figure out why. I kept to myself. I expected people to come to me. They didn't come. They didn't know I was in town. The chamber of commerce or the civic club didn't receive me with open arms. The B. Y. P. U. and the Boy Scouts had never heard of me.

Telling on Himself

WHAT happens when a young journalism-school graduate tackles his first job in the country weekly field?

George Ovie Hopkins, a graduate of the University of Oklahoma and former news editor of the *Elk City (Okla.) Journal*, answers that question in the accompanying article, drawing upon his experiences in the field. He doesn't spare himself in the telling, either.

Mr. Hopkins, who is, among other things, a second lieutenant in the 359th Field Artillery (Reserves) and an ordained minister in the Methodist Episcopal Church, is now doing graduate work in the School of Journalism at the University of Oklahoma.

He suggests that perhaps his confession of some of the mistakes he made will prevent others from making the same errors.

THE glamor of my early dreams of the newspaper profession had gone somewhere. The reporter on the paper before me had no college training and received small pay. I hit the boss for a salary. I told him I could get \$50 a week singing in revival meeting (I went from the evangelistic singing business to the *Journal*) and I wanted at least \$30. I came on the first week for \$22.50 on trial. The trial was okeh and I wanted more pay. We struck a compromise—\$25 the second week, and \$30 per week from that time on. The man before me had received \$18 per week.

I had to eat and located a restaurant where I could eat on credit.

"What paper?" asked the old restaurant owner.

"The *Journal*," I answered.

"Hell, you won't stay."

"That's what I came here for. I had three choices of jobs and I took this one."

"No one stays on the *Journal* long."

"Why?"

"I dunno. They just like to drift on and off, I guess."

"I'll stay on \$30 a week and get along," I said.

AFTER eats, I went back to the *Journal*, and into the backshop. What I didn't know about the backshop was plenty. They even caught me on type lice. I had never seen a hell box operate. I didn't know anything.

"Hopkins' my name," I said to Bert Pannell, linotype operator, offering my hand.

"Hell, what of it?" he said ignoring my hand.

I didn't say anything to him for two weeks, merely putting my copy on his hook when I finished with it. I didn't introduce myself to Lee Crews, foreman, or the devil, or Gene Williams, pressman. I was unwelcome, presumably because I was a college man—smart young devil. That's the only reason I could fathom.

I watched the linotype operator. He had plenty to do. One day I slipped corrections for the galleys. Bert condescended to speak to me the next morning as he came through the front office. Then the foreman asked me if I liked beer, the pressman took me riding in his car, and the devil came up and asked me if I wanted the front office swept out.

I pleaded ignorance in the backshop and asked plenty of questions. The backshop force became my friends. The foreman showed me how to lock up the forms, put them to bed, to operate the folder, and, quite incidentally, they made a hired hand out of me in the backshop. I knew they were rubbing it in, and they knew it too, but it was a means of learning and worth the effort.

I had few outside friends. Three months passed and I knew few beside my restaurant friends.

FINALLY the reason dawned on me. "I must go out and make friends," I said to myself. "They won't come to me. I've got to drop some of this crazy idealism and become slightly practical. I've got to make a living and do well." So I changed my tactics.

I made out a list of those I wanted for my friends. They were: S. L. Barnhart, young journalism instructor at the high school; Dr. E. G. Carlson, popular young dentist; Jacques Hunter, young artist and interior decorator; and Eddie Hurt, state record man in track and athletic coach at the high school.

Deliberately I set out to make their friendship. I caught the young journalism instructor in the shop after six o'clock one evening and talked to him for a couple of hours. We were surprised to learn of things in common. He invited me to become his

roommate. I left my boarding house, glad to get away from a place where I could expect to see a couple of women waiting to use the bathroom every time I walked out.

That dentist was a hard egg to crack. I sought his acquaintance. Gradually I broke his reserve and he eventually became a good friend. His friend, the artist, became my friend, and the high school coach became our friend.

We added another young high school teacher to the list and formed

Headliners Three

THREE unusual articles will be included in the contents of *The Quill* for June. They are by writers who have won wide recognition in their respective fields.

Dorothy Ducas, staff writer for International News Service, will tell what she thinks of newspapermen in a frank and clever article.

Upton Close, traveler, writer and lecturer who has become an outstanding authority on Far Eastern Affairs, will discuss newspapers and their treatment of the Sino-Japanese situation.

Carlos F. Hurd, dean of the rewrite desk of the St. Louis Post-Dispatch, who was a passenger aboard the *Carpathia* when that vessel went to the aid of the ill-fated *Titanic* 20 years ago, has set down his experiences in covering that tragic story.

Additional articles of significance and interest and the regular departments will complete an issue that will be read from cover to cover. If you are at all interested in journalism—don't miss

THE QUILL FOR JUNE

our own select H. A. club, an organization only allowed to individuals who had made complete "asses" out of themselves at some time or other. We formed our own code of ethics.

THAT was the beginning. I found that most of the advertisers were not so hard. I hated to write free publicity. I didn't believe in it, but the boss gave plenty of space to his largest advertisers and I had to write it. I became fairly efficient at hokey slinging.

The biggest advertiser had the habit of asking my advice, and when I gave it, straightway complaining to the boss. I never did understand that. The same gentleman objected to my copy writing, because I hated

to write his free publicity, and objected to my line of versification.

"Why, he's no reporter, he's just a poet," he exclaimed to the boss one day. And the boss, who despised my columning and poetry, came back with, "Yes, and a damned good poet."

The same store had a business manager who was a corker. He said things loud and violently and his voice had an edge on it like a fresh-opened tomato can. He gave orders that a mortgage form the *Journal* was printing be okehed by him in person. I handed it to him in the store. He exploded.

"Looks to me like that force would have sense enough to read a proof," he bellowed.

I knew his past attitude and didn't like it. I grabbed at the proof.

"Gimme that proof," I yelled. "Your orders were that it be brought over here for your okeh. Now what in the devil are you going to do about it? When I came into your store I expected to be treated like a gentleman—not a hired hand." I had the proof and was going toward the front door, when a clerk whispered, "That's something. You got away with him that time."

The old boy hit a bee line for the boss and the boss went over me like a mess of ants. He really liked it, and advised me to be more careful.

I saw the manager a day or two later. He greeted me with a grin, "Hello, Mr. Hopkins." He became a good friend.

THEN I phoned up the choir leader at the largest church, and said, "I sing tenor. Can you use me?"

"Come on down to choir practice Friday night," she invited. I laid out two weeks to see if I really was wanted and during that time was invited each week. The tenor soloist left a few weeks later and I got his job. That helped. I was breaking into the leading society. That was okeh.

Some of the elderly ladies took an interest in me and invited me out to their bridge parties. That was nice.

We had an opposition paper, a daily, and boy how it did go. My mind was full of poison for the daily staff before I ever met any of them. Sometime afterward while passing the front shop of the daily, out stepped Ted Maloy, another University of Oklahoma journalism student. I grabbed him by the hand.

"What are you doing here?" I demanded.

"I've been here a year," he said. "I'm the editor of the sheet."

His society editor and I formed a
(Continued on page 15)

Does the Special Edition Pay?

◆ Figures Obtained by the Writer of This Article
In a Survey of Iowa Weeklies Show That It Does ◆

By ARTHUR W. JOHNSON

EDITOR JONES, owner, editor, manager and printer of a weekly newspaper, is planning to put out a special edition. It will soon be the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of his paper; the occasion demands recognition.

For weeks, Editor Jones burns the midnight oil, preparing copy, planning the size of the edition, and, perhaps, actually printing sections of the special weeks ahead of the date of publication.

During the day, Editor Jones, now advertising manager, solicits advertising for the special. He seeks larger ads from the local merchants; he calls on merchants in nearby towns in his county, and he attempts to increase the amount of national advertising through local dealers.

Finally the day of publication arrives and Editor Jones proudly distributes his special edition. His neighbors applaud his fine piece of work; other editors congratulate him.

Editor Jones is tired, but happy.

NEXT week, however, when he again makes the rounds of his advertisers, he finds that they do not take the regular space. They mumble something about "coasting awhile" until the effects of the special wear off.

So Editor Jones puts out his next edition with the advertising low, and he begins to wonder: Does the special edition pay?

Not only Editor Jones but also many of his confreres have asked themselves the same question when the thin week-after edition appears. In an attempt to answer the question for them, I conducted a survey of 25 special editions of weekly newspapers published in Iowa in the last three years. And the survey yields an unqualified answer:

Yes!

THE survey included just about every kind of special edition—editions celebrating county fairs, spring and fall openings, anniversaries, community buying, carnivals, even editions printed on cornstalk paper! Only three types of adver-

tising were considered, however—local, out-of-town (within the state) and national with local tie-up. Legal, classified and strictly national advertising were ruled out because these types have an established uniformity not affected by the publication of a special edition.

Four issues preceding the special, the special itself, and four issues following the special were studied. The amounts of local, national with local tie-up and out-of-town advertising were added up. An average, or norm, was secured by taking the first three and the last three issues of the nine and dividing by six. This norm, while not as representative as the yearly norm, may be considered as a fairly accurate figure representing the normal amount of advertising.

Using this norm as 100 per cent, the percentage deviations in the issue just preceding the special, the

special itself, and the issue just following were found.

In the special, it was found that local advertising increased 392 per cent above the normal (492 per cent of the normal). National advertising with local tie-up increased 124 per cent above the normal and out-of-town 648 per cent above the normal. The greatest percentage increase occurred in out-of-town advertising, a fact readily understandable inasmuch as the editor is here soliciting advertising from a fairly new field. The increase above normal of the total of these three types of advertising was 350 per cent.

BUT how much did the issues just preceding and following the special edition deviate from the norm? Data show that local advertising in the issue just preceding the special was 5 per cent under normal; in the issue just following it was 21 per cent under. National advertising with local tie-up was 16 and 22 per cent under in the same two issues; out-of-town advertising was 10 and 7 per cent under. Total advertising in the just-preceding and just-following issues fell off 8 and 20 per cent. So it is necessary to subtract from 350 per cent gain shown in the special edition this 28 per cent decrease, because the decrease is probably due directly to publication of the special. Therefore the net advertising gain above normal should be figured as 322 per cent.

What does this mean in dollars and cents? Well, figure the average column-inch at 25 cents. The normal issue had 483 inches of advertising; that meant its advertising revenue was \$120.75. The average of the special edition was 2,193 inches—\$548.25. Subtract from this 28 per cent of the normal, \$33.81. That means that the special edition, after losses on the issue before and the issue after have been deducted, brought in an advertising revenue of \$514.44. Subtract from this, in turn, the revenue of the normal issue, \$120.75, and the net gain in advertising revenue is shown to be \$393.69.

NEARLY \$400 in increased revenue, then, in the average special edition! And if—as it seems fair to assume—the cost of putting out the special is not more than twice the cost of a normal edition, this revenue is obviously adequate to pay all costs and leave a substantial profit.

A Winter's Work

A RTHUR W. JOHNSON spent the better part of the winter analyzing advertising in special editions of 25 Iowa weekly newspapers to get the figures for the accompanying study. Johnson was graduated in March from the Department of Technical Journalism at Iowa State College, and his study served as his graduation thesis.

His statistics and conclusions include a mass of material impossible to print here, and he will be glad to answer questions for interested editors and publishers about them. He will also analyze the results of special-edition advertising for publishers, on the basis of his study, if they care to send to him copies of the special edition, the four regular weekly editions just preceding it, and the four following it. His address is 1117 Harding Avenue, Ames, Iowa.

AS THE WORLD WAGS, HE TAKES ITS PULSE

★ Great News Dramas of the World Flash
Constantly Across "Matty" White's Desk ★

By SEYMOUR BERKSON

Staff Writer, Universal Service

ACROSS his desk, the great news dramas of the world flash in swift, colorful procession—en route to millions of newspaper readers throughout the United States.

Few of those readers know Martin A. White by name. Even fewer know how much he has to do with bringing before their eager eyes every day a panorama of the globe's most interesting news.

But to the nation's leading editors "Matty" White needs no introduction. He has long been recognized as one of the ablest figures in American journalism.

As assistant general manager of International News Service and Universal Service, he commands a great newsgathering army spread across the map of the world. And before he assumed his present post, he was general editor of the Associated Press.

All who have come in contact with "Matty" White—either personally or through the equally revealing medium of the daily round-up of news dispatches under his direction—know him as an ardent apostle of these three precepts in journalistic writing:

Accuracy!
Simplicity!
Speed!

AS a member of his New York staff, I have seen "Matty" White in action. And by action I mean ACTION!

Ruddy-faced, with hair of silver, a quiet manner of following the straightest line to the core of any problem, and a whimsical sense of humor, "Matty" (he does not like to be called Mr. White) feels the pulse of the world's news day in and day out with the alert skill of an expert diagnostician.

His office, overlooking New York City's Park Row and a narrowly slit canyon between skyscrapers through

which he can catch a fleeting glimpse of ferryboats swishing across the Hudson River, has always the atmosphere of a general's headquarters.

"Matty" sits there and with the precision of a military strategist cables one of his chief correspondents to rush by plane from Bombay, India, to Shanghai where the Sino-Japanese crisis has exploded into open fighting. No sooner has he done this than the latest dispatch from Floyd Gibbons, noted war correspondent already on the scene, arrives. "Matty" reads every word of it, speeds it on its way to his army of newspaper readers.

But the Oriental flare-up—internationally significant though it be—is

He Knows His Subject

SEYMOUR BERKSON, who writes of Martin A. (Matty) White in the accompanying article, is a member of the Universal Service staff. He formerly was on the New York staff of the Associated Press and, prior to that, was a star reporter for the Chicago Herald and Examiner.

He is a graduate of the University of Chicago where he earned an honorary fellowship in the department of political science for excellent work in that field.

Many outstanding stories have fallen to his lot, among them the homecoming of Col. Charles A. Lindbergh to St. Louis after the flight to Paris; the capture of Harry Hill, charged with the slaying of his mother; the St. Valentine's Day massacre in Chicago; the Collings murder case; the visit of Foreign Minister Dino Grandi, of Italy, and others.

but one incident in the world's news. There are others. In Geneva, a disarmament conference gets under way. Right in New York, Al Smith makes an important political announcement. In Chicago, Al Capone is fighting what appears to be a final duel with the law.

It's all in the day's news and none of it escapes "Matty" White as he sits there, often far into the night, directing the swift flash of dispatches via rows of teletypewriting machines in an adjoining room where the news is tapped out amid the incessant patter of high-speed telegraphic apparatus.

DURING his 31 years of experience as reporter and later as editor, "Matty" has evolved a penetrating viewpoint on how news stories should be written.

His guiding advice to the army of correspondents and feature writers under his direction, as well as to the many "cubs" whom he has developed into newspapermen of the first rank, is:

"Marshal your facts in simple, concise sentences. The best story can be told briefly and yet colorfully. That is what modern newspaper readers like. They have neither the time nor the inclination to wade through laboriously complicated phrases and wasted words.

"The public wants a carefully compiled digest of the world's news that is at once complete and easy to read. It is conceded that any writer can tell a story in a column or two, but it takes a real expert to tell it in half a column—and tell it well!"

"MATTY" believes that only in events of outstanding significance should readers be burdened with the mass of detail that makes a newspaper story long.

"There must, of course, be touches of color and description wherever appropriate," he says, "but they should be applied with the technique of an artist, not a house painter."

He points out that while many newspapers have for some time applied rules to their news columns, it took the recent depression and its economic consequences to teach a large number of papers the futility of extravagance with words.

"When I was a young man," he recalls, "very few reporters could get into the swing of their stories before the fifth or sixth paragraph. No matter how insignificant the incident, they would take at least a column or more of newspaper type to tell about it."

"Today, some of the best news stories are completely and much more entertainingly written in from 300 to 500 words."

"**M**ATTY" White began his newspaper career in Chicago. Born of pioneer stock in Lake County, Illinois, he spent his childhood on his father's farm, went to the country school, and at first decided to study law. But while reading law books in Chicago, he indulged a natural urge to write by contributing to the old *Chicago Chronicle*. And that was the beginning of the end of his legal career. He went to work as a regular reporter for the *Chicago Tribune*.

There he distinguished himself by his ability to gather news quickly and accurately. And it wasn't long before he was given a better job with the Hearst newspapers. He became one of the city's "star reporters."

In 1908, when the Associated Press sought to organize a Chicago staff of able newswriters, it drafted "Matty" to take charge.

He did the job so well that the late Melville E. Stone, founder and then general manager of the organization, sat up and took notice. White was summoned to New York to become night news editor of the eastern division. Three years later, he was promoted to general night news editor of the entire service.

A keen appraiser of men, Stone shifted more and more responsibility on the shoulders of "Matty." In 1926, Kent Cooper, successor to Stone, created the position of general editor and in that capacity "Matty" was given complete charge of the news service—with responsibility for its operation during the entire 24 hours of the day.

Last year, opportunity again knocked at his door and "Matty" resigned from the Associated Press to take his present position as assistant general manager of International News Service and Universal Service which serve a chain of newspapers from coast to coast.

With a network of correspondents abroad and a star staff in Washington and other key cities of the United States, International News Service serves the afternoon newspapers,

while Universal Service covers the morning newspapers. A far-reaching expansion program for the two services is well under way.

DURING his long career, "Matty" has been on the "firing line" of some of the world's biggest news stories.

There was that night in April, 1912, when just as he was about to leave his office for the night a radio flash told of the sinking of the Titanic by an iceberg in the North Atlantic.

"Matty" took off his coat. He rolled up his sleeves. And for 48 consecutive hours, he directed the gathering together of the threads of that epochal news story.

Then there was the night of August 2, 1923, when President Harding died in San Francisco and the news was conveyed to the lamp-lit Vermont farmhouse of Calvin Coolidge's father

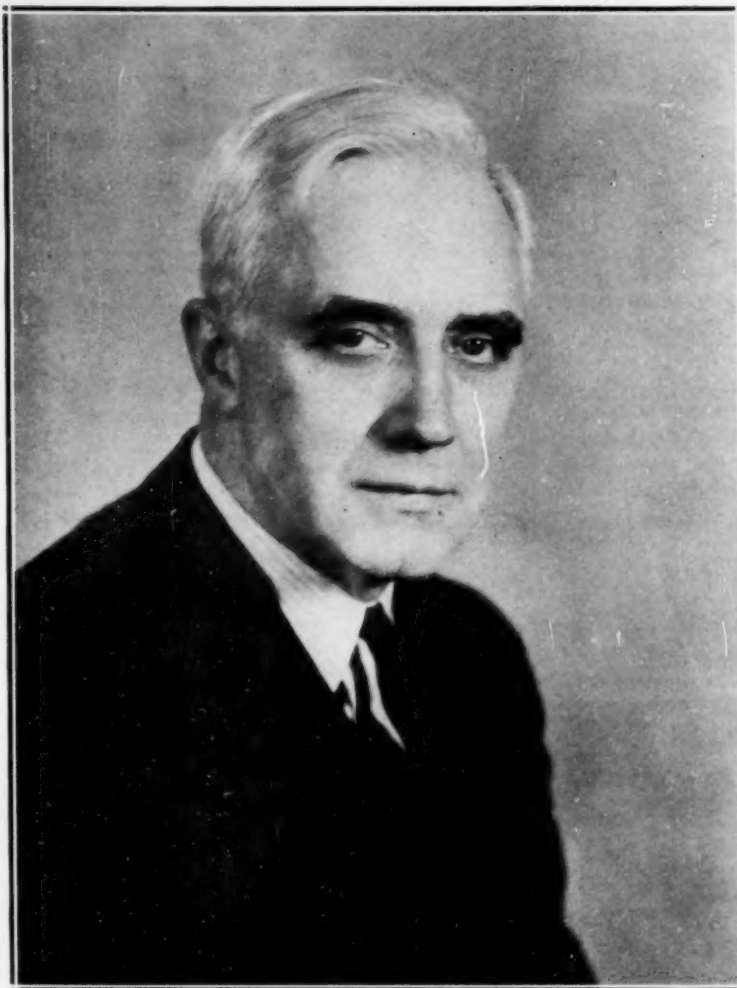
that his son suddenly had become President of the United States.

Again, "Matty" engineered what was proclaimed throughout the country one of the most dramatic round-ups of a major news event ever accomplished.

Although he directed many spectacular assignments during the World War, "Matty" considers the Titanic disaster one of the greatest news stories of his generation. The World War, he feels, failed to produce many great stories that stand out by themselves. The canvas was too far-flung, the events too tremendous.

"News must go to the heart of things," he says. "It must be human. It must be alive, penetrating, swift, but—above all—accurate."

And fittingly those are the very attributes which have made "Matty" White one of the outstanding figures in American journalism today.



MARTIN A. (MATTY) WHITE
"One of the ablest figures in American Journalism"

WATCH YOUR STYLE!

YOUR first duty to your reader is to write clearly.

In his essay on "The Philosophy of Style," Herbert Spencer undertakes to get at the reasons behind the rules, the maxims, the precepts, of grammar and rhetoric.

"On seeking for some clue to the law underlying these current maxims," Spencer says, "we may see shadowed forth in many of them the importance of economizing the reader's or hearer's attention. To so present ideas that they may be apprehended with the least possible mental effort is the desideratum toward which most of the rules point. When we condemn writing that is wordy or confused or intricate—when we praise this style as easy and blame that as fatiguing, we consciously or unconsciously assume this desideratum as our standard of judgment.

"Regarding language as an apparatus of symbols for the conveyance of thought, we may say that, as in a mechanical apparatus, the more simple and the better arranged its parts, the greater will be the effect produced. In either case, whatever force is absorbed by the machine is deducted from the result.

"A reader or listener has at each moment but a limited amount of mental power available. To recognize and interpret the symbols presented to him requires a part of this power; to arrange and combine the images suggested requires a further part; and only that part which remains can be used for realizing the thought conveyed. Hence, the more time and attention it takes to receive and understand each sentence, the less time and attention can be given to the contained idea."

If you have thought clearly and sharply before you touch a typewriter key to write, if you have resolved to write clearly and simply to the end that your reader may understand you with a maximum of ease, then you have sensed, if you have not defined, certain distinct stages in the conception and expression of a thought.

Arlo Bates, in his "Talks on Writing English," sees these stages as three in number and thus defines and describes them:

"For the production of an intelligent and intelligible composition, three things are essential:

By **ARTHUR H. LITTLE**

Editor, *Management Methods*

WRITE CLEARLY!

"GOOD sentences, like good plays, often are not written but rewritten," says Mr. Little in this fifth of his series of six articles on writing for business magazines. In revising, he adds, be sure to revamp weak sentences. Mr. Little was at one time editor of *Business*, published by the Burroughs Adding Machine Company, by whose permission this material is appearing in *The Quill*. He now edits *Management Methods*, formerly *System*.

thought; the realization of the thought; the expression of the thought. The thought embodied is obviously the reason for the existence of any work. The essential and first necessity in bringing this thought to expression is its realization. Here is the stumbling block for most untrained writers. They do not comprehend that the real productive mood is that in which the brain is entirely clear in regard to what is to be imparted. They are apt to skip this second step and go at once to the third, that of endeavoring to give expression to that which they have not yet fully understood. The need of establishing connection between the mind and the pen they know, but they are ignorant of the equal necessity which precedes, that of establishing dominion of the mind over the thought. No good work can be done until all three of the necessities are appreciated and fully mastered."

OUR journalistic author in the preceding article whom we saw lose himself in a fog of words about the hungers of modern society, skipped that second step. He failed to stop long enough to ask himself, "Just what is it that I am trying to say?" He glimpsed the first hazy outlines of his idea; he could just make out the bulking shape of a threefold thought—a thought about society's appetites and needs, phys-

ical, mental and recreational. But did he move closer to that idea, that threefold thought, so that he might see it more clearly, that he might focus his mind upon it, that he might determine precisely its outer shape and its inner features? Not he! For him one glance was enough. Obsessed by his idea, dazzled by its seeming magnificence, but only hazily conscious of what that idea was, he turned immediately to his typewriter and evolved a winding, woolly paragraph that ended with that puzzling phrase, "demands in recreation."

A writer interviewed David Wark Griffith, the motion-picture director and producer, and from Griffith's principles and experiences drew a moral for business men. Along toward the end of his story the contributor dropped in this mystifying sentence:

"Plan your next undertaking, not on the same scale upon which Griffith is planning his next picture, but on a scale commensurate with the results you would like to see; and establish a relationship between the cost and the results that is the same, though in reduced proportion, according to the size of your business, as the relationship between the money now being made by the sixteen 'Way Down East' companies on the road at the present time and the million dollars and more that that picture cost to produce."

WHAT ails that sentence? It seems too long. But it seems too long, as we discover upon analyzing our feelings toward it, principally because it rambles. Halfway through its lengthy course we begin to fear that we are moving in a circle; when finally we reach the period that marks the end we find our fears confirmed. We, the reader, know what the writer tried to say; but we are impatient with him. We could have taken him by the hand, we feel, and led him to his destination by a much shorter and much more comfortable route. What was the writer's trouble? He had an idea, and a good one; he essayed, we see, an analogy between the ventures of Griffith and the ventures of a business man. But he skipped the second step of visualizing that thought, of realizing it for himself; and so he failed to convey that thought.

At the suggestion of an editor, the contributor revised that long sen-

An Able Writer Never Shoots Over the Heads of His Readers. His Aim, Always, Is Level » »

tence. He separated its segments and of the segments made separate sentences. To clarify the image and enrich the major analogy that he purposed to draw, he introduced a metaphor. Then, having himself realized what he was trying to say, he rewrote his thought into this clean-cut, lucid paragraph:

"Plan your next venture, an investment, a window display, or an advertising campaign, as Griffith would plan a picture. Think of the harvest you would like to reap and put enough ground under cultivation to bring such a harvest. Think of your market as Griffith thinks of his and key your efforts to reach it."

THE writer and his reader stand, or ought to stand, upon an even plane of intellect; and the able writer remembers always this parity of intellectual elevation. He never "writes down" to his audience—his natural modesty forbids that—and so he never seems to condescend. He never "writes up"—his good judgment forbids that—and so he never shoots over his readers' heads. His aim, always, is level.

It is an easy error for the young writer, for the beginner—and occasionally for some older writer who ought to know better—to lose his intellectual footing. He forgets just where he stands; or, more accurately, he forgets where his readers stand. He exaggerates their altitude. Thus illusioned, he elevates his literary sights for a lofty but wholly imaginary target, pulls the trigger and punctures only the air. He misconstrues his obligation. To write clearly and simply is farthest from his conception of what is expected of him. If he is observant enough to have seen that the ornate style that used to be called "fine writing" went out of fashion along with hoop skirts and rococo architecture, he yet entertains the uneasy fear that when he addresses an audience through the printed word he is expected to achieve something ponderous, something deep and wide and high, something grand.

Let Arlo Bates harangue the class:

"A b s u r d l y
enough, human

vanity comes in here. Untrained writers are apt to feel that they lower themselves if they condescend to write for the intellectual bourgeoisie. Many a clever young author has come to grief because he could not bring himself to use simple language lest it should seem that he did not command a more elaborate diction. He has failed because he could not be willing to address the ordinary reader lest he thereby might appear to show that he had not the gift of speaking to the learned. The great writers are men who are free from this weakness; who are intent upon making their message understood, and not upon preserving a foolish appearance of superiority."

FREDERICK L. ALLEN, the sprightly author whom we promised, in an earlier article, to quote more fully, has coined a word for the writer who shoots too high. The word seems, somehow, amazingly descriptive; its very sound is significant. The word is "goon." Let Allen introduce the goon as he introduced him in the columns of *Harper's Magazine*.

"A goon is a person with a heavy touch, as distinguished from a jigger, who has a light touch. While jiggers look on life with a genial eye, goons take a more stolid and literal view. It is reported that George Washington was a goon, whereas Lincoln was a jigger. . . . Mr. Lloyd George is a jigger; the way he squints up his eyes is one of the most jiggerish things in contemporary affairs. Mr. Harding, on the other hand, friendly and affable though he may be, is revealed as a goon in his messages, the language of which is of incredible specific gravity. . . .

"A goonish style is one that reads as if it were the work of a goon. It is thick and heavy. It

suggests the sort of oatmeal served at lunch counters, lumpy and made with insufficient salt. It is to be found at its best in nature books, railroad folders, college catalogs and prepared speeches by high public officials. It employs the words youth and lad, likes the exclamation, lo! and says one may readily perceive, instead of you can easily see.

"The trouble with the goonish style usually is that its possessor forgets that he is addressing ordinary human beings and writes for something strange and portentous which he thinks of as the Public.

"The young or inexperienced writer frequently achieves goonishness by writing for Posterity, forgetting that the real posterity will consist of a tremendous lot of people more or less like those who live in the next block."

YOUR second duty to your reader is to write forcefully.

To write forcefully is not, necessarily, to shout in print. To write forcefully is not, necessarily, to write every word at the top of your voice. To write forcefully is, to quote from one of our preceding chapters, "to give the thought a chance." To write forcefully is to take the realized thought and impress it, to its best advantage, upon the consciousness of the reader.

"While by clearness the object is to economize the reader's powers by making the style plain and easy," says Professor Genung, "by force the object is to economize indirectly by stimulating his mind to do more, to realize more vividly or bring more interest and ardor to the subject. Hence, whatever imparts force to the style is something that gives a kind of shock or challenge to the mind, urging it to some center of interest."

There are two methods to achieve force in writing, and the forceful writer uses, simultaneously, both methods. One of the methods is the choice of words, the selection of forceful symbols to convey the thought. Diction we shall discuss in a later article. The other method of achieving force is the arrangement of elements within sentences, specifically

(Continued on page 16)

For The Business Writer to Remember

ARTICLES that business magazine editors will be glad to buy, according to Mr. Little, will contain—

1. Substance; body; a structure of thought; something worth passing on to the businessmen readers of the magazine.
2. A manner of treatment that gives both the thought and the reader a chance; that realizes and holds sacred the obligation of the writer to the reader—the obligation of presenting the thought as clearly, as logically, as forcefully and as entertainingly as possible.

THE QUILL

A Magazine for Writers, Editors and Publishers

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MAY, 1932

GIVE READERS THE FACTS

ONE of the lessons newspapers and newspapermen should derive from the troublesome days being experienced is the need for a constant and searching survey of taxation, public expenditures and public debt.

Not in many years, if ever, have the people of the United States been so critical or so aware of the cost of government—local, state and national—as they are at present. Taxes are pinching harder than they have in years. Many thousands of taxpayers, most of them newspaper readers, are becoming increasingly insistent in their asking of "Why?" in regard to public expense and debt. They are becoming more and more interested in the matter of public budgets, keener in their weighing of public services and more critical of officialdom as a whole.

Alert newspaper editors have recognized this situation. In the columns of their papers you will find detailed stories of the city's financial affairs, of the state's expenditures and of the cost of the countless bureaus and departments at Washington.

One newspaper in a large midwestern city recently printed a detailed list of the salaries of city officials and of the expenses of the various municipal departments. This was followed by similar lists for the county, and state. The salaries of various Federal officials then were presented. The lists and tables created wide interest and brought a flood of letters to the editor. Many of the readers complimented the paper for its action and others wrote feeling letters on the figures revealed.

H. D. Paulson, editor of the Fargo (Minn.) *Forum*, declared in a recent article in *THE QUILL* that the editors of the Northwest had discovered that their readers did not want the so-called "flash" newspaper—that they wanted newspapers that were serious, informative and interpretative. His observation was good advice to other editors and publishers.

The American Society of Newspaper Editors took the

same tack at its recent meeting in Washington when a resolution was adopted that said:

"The American Society of Newspaper Editors recognizes the foment of the popular mind in this period of economic disturbance, with its accompanying problems of government, corporate and individual management. We believe that as the result of this disturbance there will be an urge for change and for experiment in the American program, in political, in commercial, industrial and social procedure.

"This society declares it to be the consensus that:

"The newspapers of the United States are the natural forum for discussion of such problems before the people and by the people.

"That it is a part of newspaper service to furnish opportunity and means for such discussion.

"That there is nothing to be feared from such discussion, and that, to the contrary, there is greater danger in the promotion of fallacies by other means available for propaganda than if such proposals were given their place in the open forum of the press where there would be immediate opportunity for their discussion and their illumination and their testing by the truths and principles of the American form of government and the experiences and traditions in the development of that plan.

"The American newspapers, through their editorial pages, supplementing the use of their news columns, have an opportunity and a responsibility in the present situation to encourage and develop right thinking on the part of the newspaper-reading public to do their full part in the clarification of ideas and consequent action.

"That the people look to the press as never before for leadership and that the press solemnly and confidently accepts the challenge."

It might well be remembered by newspapermen in their criticism of public expenditures that their papers in many instances were responsible for the saddling of additional bonds, interest and sinking-fund charges on the taxpayers through the advocating of various public improvements. Many of these improvements were needed, such as the replacing of worn-out school buildings with modern plants, but perhaps some of the "improvements" were not so fundamental or so necessary.

Let us as newspapermen resolve among ourselves, therefore, that in the future we will be more searching, more critical, more observing than ever before in our covering of public affairs. By doing so, we will be serving the best interest of our readers, and, thereby, our own.

MAKE IT A GOOD FIGHT

WORD that the alumni of the University of Oregon school of journalism, newspapermen of the state and others are cooperating in an effort to enable the maintaining of the school, recently ordered discontinued as an economy measure, is gratifying.

An active school of journalism, staffed by men trained in newspaper and magazine work and possessing the patience and inspiration necessary to make them good instructors, and having the respect and cooperation of newspaper publishers, editors and staff members, can play an invaluable part in the development of a better journalism.

The Oregon school has played an active and important part in this respect and should not be permitted to disintegrate. *THE QUILL* hopes that the efforts of the alumni, newspapermen and others will be successful.

"THOSE DAMNED OBITS"

FEW newspaper men get excited about obituaries.

Most reporters frankly despise the task of gathering information about the lives of departed residents of the community and comment feelingly on having to write "another of those damned obits." It is a rare city room in which the obits are not relegated either to the greenest cub or some old-timer.

Yet, even the most ordinary appearing account of some one's passing usually is capable of development into a story of news interest. For example, let us consider the death of a man of no more than normal prominence in the community. To eliminate the endless complications of crime, let us suppose he died peacefully in bed and that the fact comes to the attention of a city desk.

The city editor or the reporter to whom he gives the story should then begin to ask questions. Who is this man? How did he earn his living? Where and when was he born? Where was he educated? What were his accomplishments, failures, heroic experiences, notable works? Where did he live?

WHAT killed this man? The answer may not be printable but it should be determined. Riflers of the tombs of the Pharaohs have a way of dying mysteriously of an Egyptian fever years later. The rays of the moon led to the death of a girl in Philadelphia a few weeks back. The bullet that a war veteran or policeman stopped may kill him years later. If the attending physician assumes the role of a clam, it is usually only necessary to remind him that the filing of certificates explaining the cause of death is required by law and that he will have to make the information available sooner or later.

When and where will the funeral be conducted? This is nearly always routine but some men wish to be cremated and their ashes thrown to the wind. Some order their bodies sent incredible distances for burial in spots to which they are attached. At least one eccentric stipulated that his embalmed body be placed in a show window. When a person has deserted one denomination for another during his life there is sometimes an actual grave-side clash over which burial service is to be used.

What property did this man leave?

- Though Most Reporters Dislike Their Preparation, ●
- Obituaries Frequently Make Real News Stories ●

By TOM MAHONEY

Texas State Manager,
The United Press

What will become of it? Because of curious clauses in their wills, many men relatively unknown in life become famous after death. An Oklahoman the other day left a fortune to his children on condition that they never live with their mother. Some one in the East, I believe, drew a will offering Cornell a fortune on condition co-education be abolished.

WILL the heirs accept the provisions of the will? Will there be suits? Who will take this man's place? The poet says 500 can do the job but only a few will have the chance. If the dead man was a public or private official, what steps must be taken to secure a successor for him? When will they be taken?

Who will be promoted as the result of his death? Every time a United States army general on active service dies, eight officers of lower grade are promoted a full rank, I'm told. What

will become of the enterprises which this man sponsored during his life now that he is dead?

What do the man's friends, enemies and the newspaper editorial writers have to say about his death? These are not always empty platitudes. Adolfo de la Huerta's bitter remark that he was sorry Obregon, assassinated Mexican president, did not live "to pay for the crimes which he committed" was printed throughout the world. William Allen White's editorial comment on the death of Frank Munsey, the publisher, has become classic.

The list could be continued. There are about 45 possible stories which a persistent and sympathetic reporter may unearth after the natural death of a man of only medium prominence. Some would not be available for some days and taste would prevent the printing of others until later but all would be of some interest.

Good Stories Lost

NEW stories of unusual interest may be lost to a paper because a reporter fails to ask pertinent questions about the deceased, Tom Mahoney, Texas state manager for the United Press, points out in this article.

"There are about 45 possible stories which a persistent and sympathetic reporter may unearth after the natural death of a man of only medium prominence," he declares.

Mr. Mahoney at one time was city editor of the El Paso Post, a paper known then and now for its almost daily development of back-page obituaries into front-page feature stories.

CARELESS handling of obituaries not only sacrifices chances for interesting news stories but also lets slip an opportunity to make new and perhaps lifelong friends for the paper. Many persons have their first and some their only contact with a newspaper's editorial department after the death of a relative. If they are not treated with tact, interest and courtesy the best of all chances has been overlooked to sell the paper to the subscriber.

Persons are more sensitive about the accuracy of an obituary of a friend or relative than they are perhaps about glaring errors in accounts of their own everyday activities. Misstatements, misspelled names or wrong initials are not soon forgiven by the bereaved. A well-handled obituary will often cause persons to buy scores of extra papers to mail distant relatives. Its worth, however, does not end with the mailing of these papers. The family and friends of the dead man will buy, advertise in, and praise the paper for years to come.

THE BOOK BEAT

Conducted by MITCHELL V. CHARNLEY

The Great Inebriacy

ONLY YESTERDAY, by Frederick Lewis Allen. Harper and Brothers, New York. 1932. \$3.00.

In the present Bootleg Era, drunkenness is commonly believed to result from but one cause—the consumption of intoxicating liquors. Most folks have forgotten that money, power, love, food, or a bump on the head will produce the same results—with the attendant headaches.

As a review of the 1920-1930 period "Only Yesterday" is a story of the great American inebriacy, when some 100,000,000 American people, freed from old customs and morals by the World War, went on a 10-year drunk on credit, speculation, investment and overproduction. It is also a partial story of the Great American Hang-over, popularly called the Depression. Frederick Allen, with the cool, dispassionate view of the historian and the effortless composition of a good rewrite man, has gathered from editorial and advertising columns of newspapers and magazines and from a few books and social surveys the story of post-war America.

Remember the Florida land boom, Tennessee's monkey trial, the birth of the Model A Ford, the death of Rudolph Valentino, Sacco and Vanzetti, the Harding oil scandals, the rise of the Ku Klux Klan, the Tex Rickard anthology, and the crossword puzzle craze? All of those phenomena and many others were parts of American life which Allen reviews. . . . And in addition to being highly interesting, the book is good for many a chuckle.—Steve McDonough.

Guedalla Out-Guedallaed

WELLINGTON, by Philip Guedalla. Harper and Brothers, New York. 1932. \$4.00.

Supremely a stylist, Guedalla has always seemed to me a bit self-conscious, and (in "The Second Empire" particularly) a bit too eager to drag in wise cracks.

But in "Wellington," Guedalla forgets Guedalla. He makes England's great soldier very human, very strong, and comfortably close to genius. Wellington's favorite method was to take a strong position, prefer-

ably on the crest of a slope, and wait for the enemy to make mistakes. Many times Wellington helped them do it. He worked tirelessly at details. It was as important to him that his men wash their feet regularly and have plenty of well-cooked biscuits as it was to keep his gunpowder dry.

Guedalla does not halo Wellington, nor make him a demigod. He does affirm, however, that Wellington was great, and that his capacity for an infinite number of small jobs is important in his favor. He deplores the popular conception that Napoleon lost

Worth Your Time

STORY OF MY LIFE, by Clarence Darrow. Scribner's, New York. \$3.50.

Mr. Darrow attempts to tell why his life is a failure, says Lincoln Steffens, and succeeds in showing why his life has been worth living.

HISTORY OF THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION (Vol. I), by Leon Trotsky. Simon & Schuster, New York. \$4.00.

Trotsky tells his own story of "the greatest event since the French Revolution," and makes a fascinating as well as an important document of it.

SWISS FAMILY MANHATTAN, by Christopher Morley. Doubleday, Doran, New York. \$2.00.

Marooned in the labyrinth of the Empire State Building tower while it was under construction, Mr. Morley's family presents an amusing contemporary commentary.

the battle of Waterloo, rather than that Wellington won it.

Especially interesting are the pictures of Wellington and his work outside of the Napoleonic campaigns. In India, in Spain and in France after Waterloo, he proved himself a statesman and a conciliator, a man whose word and integrity could not be questioned. Wellington was the Hindenburg of post-Napoleonic Europe, the one man who had everybody's confidence. Clean-thinking, courageous, unfoolable, unrevengeful, he did most to stabilize a thoroughly disorganized continent.

Had he not been Europe's man of the hour, Wellington might have been sent to finish the War of 1812, and Guedalla convinces you that Andrew Jackson would have found him a far tougher adversary than his one-time subordinate Pakenham. Guedalla does justice, too, to Wellington's enviable record as a Tory statesman and premier (during which he despised the Press, and fought it at every turn). Guedalla's skill is no-

where better shown than in his unforgettable handling of Wellington's death and funeral.

There are more than faint signs, in places, of Guedalla's British bias. He is none too kind to Napoleon, nor to the marshals whom Wellington defeated in Spain. He perhaps gives Wellington too much credit and the wrathful, everywhere-resisting Spaniards too little, in the final expulsion of the French. But he does a first-class job, nevertheless.—George F. Pierrot.

De-Bunking Par Excellence

SORRY, BUT YOU'RE WRONG ABOUT IT, by Albert Edward Wiggam. Bobbs-Merrill, Indianapolis. \$3.00.

Mr. Wiggam is a gentle de-bunker. Here, in one of the most engrossing of his books, he blasts the common, everyday superstitions and beliefs of "Mr. Manstreet"—as you read the book, you know that you yourself are Mr. Manstreet—and he does it so tactfully that you feel like thanking him for letting you in on some inside dope.

Mr. Wiggam classes men into two groups; those whose beliefs are more precious than truth, and those to whom truth is more precious than mere beliefs. The latter, he says—the scientific group—has caused all the world's progress.

Practice, declares Mr. Wiggam, does not make perfect. On the contrary, a golfer often becomes worse with practice (many golfers will attest to the truth of this statement) because he is developing perfection in his errors by continuing them. Moreover, don't go believing that the beautiful are dumb. Most of the beautiful are smart. Surveys show that beauty and brains are usually linked together.

And ostriches don't hide their heads in the sand. A red flag doesn't madden a bull; there is no undertow in the ocean; a mother cannot birth-mark her child; women cannot drive autos as well as men (you knew that already); brilliant individuals are not as much affected by alcohol as are the stupid.

Mr. Wiggam is in the craft you are—journalism. He is not himself a scientist, strictly speaking; rather he takes the work of science and interprets it for Mr. Manstreet. His easy, conversational style of presenting vast amounts of scientific data is unique. You'll be surprised to see how much education he can give you in one short book.—Lauren K. Soth.

INTERVIEWING "OLD JIM"

How a Cub Reporter Learned
The Lesson of "Try, Try Again"

By SIDNEY BIRDSALL

Editorial Department,
The Elgin (Ill.) Courier-News

JAMES J. HILL, late "Empire Builder," sat in the sumptuous private office of the president of the First National Bank in St. Paul, reading a morning newspaper. This was one of his favorite ports of call. He owned the bank.

He had returned that morning from the East, where he had attended a conference at which the business ailments of the nation were discussed.

"Jim" Hill maintained a sort of bowing acquaintance with newspaper men. He didn't, as a rule, speak to reporters. There was one, however, in St. Paul, to whom he occasionally would confide his opinions.

That particular reporter and the writer were standing at the marble railing guarding the president's sanctum that particular morning. The door was ajar and we peered within, hopefully awaiting a possible "come in" look from the grizzled magnate.

Our quarry didn't look up. We were assigned to get "Old Jim's" verdict on that big eastern conference. Our editors expected a bang-up yarn about it. Mr. Hill's "Pet Reporter" boldly walked into the room, having previously promised to share with me anything the frowning railroad builder might utter.

The great railroad barked something at "Mr. Pet Reporter," and that chagrined individual made a hasty retreat.

"Guess we'll lay off that guy," he told me. "When he cold-shoulders me you can bet plenty he's not giving opinions. I know him. Let's go."

I left with him but returned to the bank in 15 minutes to invite a personal application of the Hill rebuff. St. Paul's greatest citizen was talking things over with the bank president.

THERE are miracles. One occurred then which I do not understand even today, long after the great magnate's death. I was invited into the carpeted and curtained presidential quarters.

By dint of ardent effort I, a cub, re-

frained from squirming, or making fatuous comment. I tried to capture the grand old man with a surprise attack:

"Mr. Hill, the readers of the St. Paul News want your opinion on the eastern conference, and the farmers in particular would like your views. If you don't care to comment, just say so, and if . . ."

"No!" he roared. It was an emphatic and discouraging negative.

Whereupon, I emulated the "Pet Reporter's" recent maneuver, smiled and bowed.

"Thanks, Mr. Hill."

Then came the second miracle of that morning.

"Come back here, boy! Perhaps I've got something you may want."

Restraining my eagerness, I stepped again to the mahogany desk and observed Mr. Hill place a fat and capable hand to the vicinity of a pocket next to his barrel-like chest. The hand emerged holding a folded sheet of paper.

"Here are my views, boy. You are welcome to them."

The "Empire Builder" resumed conversation with the bank potentate, just as though there were but two human beings in that room. There were but two just a fraction of a second later.

I raced to the city room with Mr. Hill's opinions of the New York conference. A full sheet of it, neatly typewritten. A treasure, and hot!

MAYBE the success—the scoop—of that Jim Hill adventure prompted the editor to select me for another tough Hill assignment:

"Get 'Old Jim' in his cap and gown. I mean *cap and gown*, he's never been shot that way," was the order.

The editor fired up a cigar butt, selecting it from an array on his desk. It was an editorial gesture meaning, "That's all, hop to it!"

Now the late James J. Hill was fond of many things—his great railroad, his bank, his 6,000-acre farm,

but he liked cameramen even less than reporters.

When Mr. Hill posed for a picture, the man who held the camera had previously been touched by Lady Luck's wand.

Mr. Hill was being honored that afternoon by a St. Paul college, which conferred a degree upon him. I believe the college felt the honor more than did the great financier.

"Cap and gown." Gosh!

MY quarry was seated on the platform of the church in which the ceremony took place. With him, like satellites, were other St. Paul business and professional men. The college president was speaking when I arrived. I approached Mr. Hill, bending low behind the row of seated dignitaries, so that the audience below couldn't observe me. I touched Mr. Hill's shoulder, and in my best living-room voice, asked him to pose, later on, for the St. Paul News photographer.

The gray, massive head turned slowly. Piercing brown eyes bored through me. There was a decided wrinkle of irritation on the Hill brow. He looked forward again without a word—a typical Hill turn-down.

I retreated to the big Sunday school room, and, I am ashamed to admit, cussed. After inhaling normally a few moments, I told the photographer to plant his camera in the center of the room. Then I sought the minister.

"Mr. Wilson, I want a picture of all the gentlemen seated on the platform out there. I want you in it, of course. It's to be printed in the News this afternoon. Will you marshal them in here?"

Beaming with ministerial pleasure, he assented.

The diplomas had been distributed to the future empire builders, and the prayer for the graduates had been said. Now the distinguished group left the platform and filed into the Sunday school room, with the Rev. Mr. Wilson acting as platoon leader.

(Continued on page 17)

AFTER DEADLINE

By R. L. P.

DEAR QUILL READERS:

If there are any typographical errors in this issue of *THE QUILL*; if the editorials seem to make less sense than usual; if the titles or headlines don't seem just right, or if anything else is wrong, don't be too harsh in your criticism.

The Editor, you see, has been quite excited this month due to my arrival April 16, a week earlier than anyone was expecting me. He tells me that I sort of upset editorial routine and his meeting of the deadline. (Whatever those funny-sounding things may be, although they must be important, judging from the way he has been moving around here lately.)

My Dad and I hope, however, that you are reading this issue of the magazine on time and that you will find it very interesting. I'm going to lend a hand at this *QUILL* business from now on and you just wait until you see the June issue. It will be—what's that word—the berries!

Yours truly,

PHILIP EDWARD PETERS.

* * *

TRUCKING on the public highways has become a menace that I believe the newspapers of the nation should consider seriously. The need for regulation where none may exist or for further regulation where it may already exist is apparent to any automobile driver who travels from city to city.

It is not an easy matter to pass a heavy truck, looming ahead like a box-car, at any time on a narrow road. But when one and frequently two trailers are added the ensemble becomes exceedingly difficult to get around. Particularly is this so at night.

In all fairness, it should be added that for the most part truck drivers keep as far to the right as they dare for safety to themselves and their charges. But with all of their inclination to give half the road, the fact remains that trucks and trailers are creating hazardous traffic conditions. And their number is increasing.

* * *

WHENEVER S. J. McDonough, night editor of the *Associated Press* at Des Moines, Iowa, hears a good newspaper yarn, he does what I wish a lot of others would do. He sits down and rewrites the yarn for

THE QUILL. Here's his latest contribution:

"How much truth there is to this I wouldn't say but the story is worth repeating.

"It seems that Eugene Field was at one time employed as reporter and dramatic critic on a St. Louis paper. Along toward Christmas a local organization was to give the cantata 'The Messiah' and Field was assigned to cover it.

"Late in the evening of the performance he returned to the city room, hoisted his feet on a desk and found his place in a book. Soon a worried editor inquired about his review.

"The thing wasn't worth writing about,' Field is reported to have replied absently.

"Why not?"

"Well, on one side of the stage,' he retorted, 'they had a bunch of old maids shouting over and over "Unto us a child is born! Unto us a child is born!" and on the other side a collection of bachelors shouted back "Wonderful! Wonderful!"'

* * *

PAUL E. ZECHER, sports editor of the *North Penn Reporter* at Lansdale, Pa., has sent *THE QUILL* a few choice headlines which have been clipped from newspapers of the Eastern Pennsylvania section. They follow:

SMALL CHILDREN BITTEN BY DOG; SHOT BY OFFICER

COACH MUST SET ON BENCH

URGES FIREMEN TO DRIVE WITH CARE TO BLAZES

MEMORIAL DAY HERE ON SATURDAY MORNING

GOD IS OPPOSED TO GRAVEYARDS, MINISTER SAYS

Anyone else some good ones to offer?

* * *

FREQUENT contributions to better journalism have been made by the George W. Mead Paper Institute, of Madison, Wis. Now the institute has begun the publishing of surveys and reports designed to aid editors and publishers. Two which recently have come to our attention are "Not a 'Morgue'; a Live Producing Library"

and "1932 Circulation Problems, As Solved by Successful Daily Newspaper Executives."

Another bulletin which we believe would be of particular interest and value to the small-city publisher is entitled "Building Local Advertising." It is published by the Division of Publications, Department of Agriculture, the University of Minnesota, Minneapolis.

Still another bulletin that we believe would be of interest and value to editors, publishers, free-lance writers and others is the "Index of Economic Reports" published by the Policyholders Service Bureau of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, One Madison Avenue, New York City.

The index lists about 500 bulletins, reports and surveys which the bureau has for distribution. They cover practically the entire range of business management including a number of subjects of particular interest to newspaper people.

In writing for any of the above, it is suggested that you mention having read about them in *THE QUILL*.

Tips For Writers

The Modern Thinker is the title of a new monthly on current thought which made its bow to the public on February first. Dr. Dagobert D. Runes, former editor of *The Thinker*, is editor of the new publication, which has its offices at 33 West 42nd Street, New York City. *The Modern Thinker* is interested in articles on current problems, especially in such of controversial nature. (2,000-3,500 words, rates depending upon type of contribution, payable on publication.)

* * *

MUMMERY APPEARS

With an announced editorial intention of presenting "all the news, compiled, kidded along, served with pepper and a dash of wit," a new magazine, *Mummery*, has appeared on the news stands. The new magazine is published by the Albee Publishing Co., Inc., 853 Broadway, New York. No statement as to the magazine's editorial requirements, whether material is wanted from other than staff writers, or rate of payment has been received by *THE QUILL*.

SO I CHANGED MY TACTICS

(Continued from page 4)

mutual dislike on meeting. It lasted until I crossed the barrier in an effort to be friendly, resulting in friendship.

MY society editor and I didn't get along so well. She didn't like the way I corrected her items. Later she quit the paper and the opposition foreman and his wife came to our sheet. My misery started all over. He stuck his name in the masthead as foreman and gave me orders to stay out of the back end. I stuck my name as news editor in the masthead and gave him orders to stay out of the front end.

He went up in the air one day when I asked him to set a head a certain way.

"Your authority ends at this hook," he yelled. "You get the hell out of here and don't stick your head in the backshop again."

I went to my desk and stayed there. Later in the day he came to the front office. As soon as he leaned an elbow on my desk, I yelled: "You get the hell out of here. Your authority ends at that back door." Later we entered each other's territory.

My second society editor was a matronly lady, popular with the leading society. Consequently we got some good society stuff, the importance of which I did not realize at that time. She didn't like the way I used "approximately." She reported to the boss that I was using "approximately" a great deal, and he came wagging a front sheet to me, having the word marked 30 times on the front page. That was something.

THE funeral homes were jealous of each other. One advertised—the other didn't. I had orders to play the advertiser with space. The advertiser got all over me when I ran the opposition's three funeral stories on the front page leaving the advertiser's funeral stories on the inside.

I spoke freely in my column, "Stray Ideas." I knew two people who read it—a wash woman and a district judge. It seemed to have weight. The boss came to me and said I must cut down the direct accusations, since kicks had been registered with him. I thought I had been careful not to deal in characterizations.

I copied a story from the Sayre (Okla.) *Headlight* saying that an Elk City bootlegger had been arraigned for trial. His mother called me up and blistered my hide. "Run a correction," she said. "It's bad enough

to have publicity when he's guilty let alone when he isn't." I checked up on the story and ran a correction.

My country correspondents were pains in the neck. Their writings were in some cases hard to translate and the linotype operator insisted that it be translated before it was brought to the machine. I corrected it until a couple of my angry correspondents burst in on me and informed me I was an ignoramus. After I lost the two, I decided they were right. I corrected a country school teacher's correspondence and she sent her husband in to tell me about it. I allowed him three paragraphs of conversation, then suggested he remove his presence immediately and send his wife to explain the matter. He saw it in the same light I did.

One of the barbers in the town wanted the "Doctor," the "Professor," and myself to rent an apartment from him. He was an extremely religious old gentleman and we didn't want his apartment—in the same house with him. He didn't like that. Later he came in to get a job done, in which he advertised his business by a chart explaining the distances in miles between cities in that section of the country. I joked with him and said I couldn't see how a gentleman of his religious experiences could exaggerate miles as he had on the chart. He did his best to get the boss to fire me.

THE churches learned early that I would use all the copy they brought me, so I got some from the Holy Rollers on up. One old farmer, with the smell of the barn lot still on his garments, came in with a terrible religious manuscript and asked me to publish it. I felt sorry for him, took it, corrected it, corrected the scriptural references, and published it. He came in the next week and told me I had spoiled the religious element in it. Then I confessed to him that his story had been plenty bad and he was lucky to find an editor kind-hearted enough to publish it.

Farmers talked to the publisher, "Cap" Mitchell, about pigs and calves, terraces and county politics. I was informed this was news and must be run in the columns of the *Journal*. It sounded stupid to me, but I wrote it.

Old men and old women came in to uncoil their gossip to get it in print, but they faded away when I insisted they sign their names.

Each day I watched an old gentleman eat out of a restaurant slop bar-

rel across the street. He refused to be taken care of by well-to-do relatives.

Another old gentleman, wearing an army coat, rough shoes, overalls and a toboggan cap, astonished me one day by asking for a copy of the *Journal* in well accented English. I checked up on him and discovered that when a young man he had been an instructor in a standard university, had experienced an unfortunate love affair, and soured on the world.

Regularly, an old negro preacher would drop in to get a quarter and tell me of his choir.

A near riot was caused in Erick, Okla., when a negro killed a former Erick girl in the Oklahoma Panhandle. Negroes flocked to Elk City and other towns to be taken care of. Negro children with terrified mothers crept into the town to get away from the wrath of the mob. The murdered white woman had been a high school friend of mine. The negro murderer was electrocuted.

PRESENTLY I discovered feature material in Elk City that I could sell to the Tulsa (Okla.) *World*. P. P. Ackley, an old cowboy in Elk City, had been trying for four years to have the old Longhorn Chisholm cowboy trail commemorated as a national highway, connecting Canada with Mexico across the United States. I rode around with him a great deal and discovered a lot of material that could be used as features. Part of that material was taken from the *World* and included in the first volume of a recent Oklahoma history, "Oklahoma, Yesterday and Today."

I learned on that community newspaper that friends can be made, that happiness can be had, and that a paper can make money.

A reporter can be happy in a town of from five to ten thousand population. He can make all kinds of friends. He can have excitement. It depends mostly on his own efforts. I had enough excitement—a race riot, a couple of dozen suicides, an airplane crash, and my good friend, the county sheriff, assassinated.

I believe a person should swallow his pride, his ego and realize that he is merely one in a town. I believe the reporter should take part in civic, church and social affairs. He should mix with the best and realize that the happiness that comes out of a country newspaper job is that which he goes after and gets himself.

Really, Now

IF you have been enjoying the lively articles in *The Quill* each month through the kindness of a friend—

IF you have been borrowing his copy of the magazine, either with or without his permission—

IF you have had the temerity to do that unpardonable of unpardonables, to read his copy over his shoulder—

IF you have been able to get *The Quill* only occasionally because some one else beat you to that friend's copy—

Isn't it about time, really now, that you gave both him and yourself a "break" by becoming a member of the rapidly growing throng that is finding and making *The Quill* so interesting, entertaining and informative?

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WATCH YOUR STYLE!

(Continued from page 9)

the process known as "massing" the parts of a sentence.

WITHOUT entering into a discussion of the philosophical reasoning that has established the principle, we may set it down here that there are in every sentence two points of emphasis, two points of interest, and that these two points are, roughly, the beginning and the end. These two points have independent functions. More clearly than any other authority perhaps, Professor Genung has defined the functions. He writes:

"To the beginning belongs the stress due to the outset of attention, the natural initiation of the thought; namely, what is nearest in thought to the reader's inquiry or to the core-idea of the previous sentence; and what is the best preliminary to the forward step which it is the business of the present sentence to take. . .

"To the end belongs the stress due to the culmination and goal of the assertion, what the sentence most truly exists to express. Being, therefore, the most important stress-point of all, it suffers correspondingly if its distinction is not a matter of foresight, or if it is given over to something insignificant.

"The question how to give distinction to some particular word resolves itself, for the most part, into the question how to make it occupy one of these positions, the beginning or the end. And the question *which* of these it shall occupy is answered by determining whether it is more truly an initial idea, from which some consequence flows, or a goal idea, toward which the course of the sentence is to be steered."

In three paragraphs, Professor Genung has fashioned a working guide, a blueprint, for the builder of sentences. He has established a formula for the solution of a problem that confronts every writer when he constructs a sentence, the problem of massing the elements so as to achieve clearness and force.

As a test, let us apply that formula of Professor Genung's to a specific problem. Let us write, and then study, this sentence:

"A reader or listener has but a limited amount of mental power available at each moment."

WHAT ails that sentence? Its meaning is clear; its grammar is

faultless; its coherence is obvious; yet, somehow, it disappoints. It seems to promise something and then to repudiate that promise; it seems to ascend toward some climax of thought and then to fall short of attaining that climax. Its massing is wrong.

Let us analyze the specimen. What are its elements, the movable parts for which we may choose locations; and how wisely have we chosen? Stripped of all its qualifications and divested of its modifying appendages, the central thought in our specimen is this: "Reader or listener has amount of power available." The beginning, in our specimen, we have given to the element, "reader or listener." That element, obviously, is the "initial idea from which some consequence or predication flows." For the beginning element, then, we have chosen wisely. Now how about the end? At the end we have placed the phrase, "at each moment." That is an element of time. But is time to be stressed? Is time the "goal" toward which our sentence is to be steered? Obviously not, for the culmination of our assertion is what the "reader or listener" has—"amount of power available." To that element, then—"amount of power available"—we must give the end. Thus we block out the outline; thus we establish that the beginning of the sentence we must give to the element, "reader or listener," and the end to the element, "amount of power available." Thus we lay out the main course of the thought. Thus we establish that every element in the sentence, aside from those we have chosen for the beginning and the end, every modifying qualification or appendage, must find some other place where it will offer the least resistance to the strong, swift current of the central thought.

Now that we have analyzed it, let us try rebuilding our sentence, thus:

"A reader or listener has at each moment but a limited amount of mental power available."

ARE we right? We seem to have with us the weight of authority. If you will turn back to the quotation from "The Philosophy of Style" at the beginning of this article, and to the third paragraph of that quotation, you will find that in our second at-

tempt we have massed the sentence as it was massed by Herbert Spencer.

Manifestly, to judge a given sentence as if it were a separate entity, to strip it of its environment in a paragraph and to look upon it as if it were an independent body, is to judge unfairly. The writer writes, not a single sentence, but a sequence of sentences; he builds his sentences into paragraphs and his paragraphs into a composition, a story. As he builds he must fit the parts together; he must relate his sentences to each other; he must enable each of them to carry his thought forward, clearly, forcefully, gracefully. How, then, in the face of this seeming complexity, is he to mass the elements in his sentences?

The complexity is more apparent than real. To the sentence considered as an entity or to the sentence environed in the atmosphere of a paragraph, the same common-sense principles of structure apply.

Does the sentence launch a new paragraph? Very well; apply the blueprint, the formula, of Professor Genung. What is the "natural initiation of the thought?" What is the "nearest in thought to the reader's inquiry, or to the core-idea" of the previous paragraph? Identify the element. Place it at the beginning of the sentence. Then identify the element that is the "culmination and goal of the assertion," the element for which the sentence "most truly exists to express." Place that element at the end. Then place the other elements, the qualifications, the modifiers, the subordinate clauses, the appendages, where your judgment, your knowledge of the law of coherence, your sense of the fitness of things, your ear for the sound of words, tell you those elements will best fit in. And your sentence is built, and built well.

GOOD sentences, like good plays, often are not written but re-written. When you read over the first draft of your story, when you read it over for coherence and for the evidences of coherence, read it over at the same time for sentence structure. Look for weak sentences. Here and there you will find one—a sentence that fails to give the thought its full chance for a vivid impression, a sentence that promises something and then repudiates that promise, a sentence that starts up along an ascent of interest toward some climax and then either dies on the grade or skids off the side of the road into a disappointing anticlimax. Rearrange the elements in those weak sentences.

Apply your blueprint of sentence structure to their remodeling.

Look for spots like this:

"A bulletin announcing the contest went out to the forty store managers. Each manager was to have two 'allotments,' two quotas, one for gross profit and the other for volume, *the bulletin explained.*"

Which ought to read:

"A bulletin announcing the contest went out to the forty store managers. Each manager, *the bulletin explained,* was to have two 'allotments,' two quotas, one for gross profit and the other for volume."

Or like this:

"Rhetoric is the art of adapting discourse to the requirements of the reader or hearer in *harmony with its subject and occasion.*"

Which ought to read, and which, as Professor Genung wrote the definition, did read:

"Rhetoric is the art of adapting discourse, *in harmony with its subject and occasion,* to the requirements of the hearer or reader."

Mr. Little's final article, to be published next month, will deal with diction.

♦ ♦ ♦

Interviewing "Old Jim"

(Continued from page 13)

THE single line stretched the length of the room. The camera couldn't possibly shoot them all—and it wasn't my plan that it should. Mr. Hill wasn't in that line and I wasn't greatly astonished thereat. He was walking rapidly to a small room where stood Mrs. Hill, and he was taking off that precious newly acquired gown!

In an unchurchlike sprint, I was at his side.

"Mr. Hill, you promised Rev. Wilson you would pose with the rest of the gentlemen."

"Old Jim" quickened his pace. So did I, without hope. Then occurred another of those unexplainable reversals of the Hill attitude. He turned suddenly and resumed his place in the line, beside the clergyman.

"Aim your gun right at Mr. Hill; sight on his watch chain," I whispered to the photographer. "Never mind the rest!"

A marvelous picture. The great financier and railroad magnate, the graduate of the University of Hard Knocks and the advocate of that school, on the front page in the scholarly cap and gown! The others, of course, were not in it.

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WHO «» WHAT «» WHERE

SAM GILLULY (Montana '30) has left the Great Falls (Mont.) *Tribune* to take over the desk of the *Montana Trade Journal* at Glasgow.

CHARLES E. SNYDER (Iowa State Associate), editor of the *Chicago Daily Drivers Journal* and national president of Sigma Delta Chi, professional journalistic fraternity, broadcast over a network of 45 radio stations on March 24 a digest of an address on the livestock outlook which was presented before the American Statistical Association. Presiding at the annual banquet of the association when the complete address was delivered the previous evening in New York City was LAURENCE H. SLOAN (DePauw '13), vice-president of Standard Statistics Company, Inc., and a founder and past president of Sigma Delta Chi.

A photostatic copy of the news story which announced the founding of Sigma Delta Chi, professional journalistic fraternity, at DePauw University in 1909, was presented to the Florida Chapter at its third annual Founder's Day banquet in April by WILLIAM M. GLENN, of the *Tampa Daily Times*, one of the twelve founders of the fraternity.

Mr. Glenn was toastmaster at the banquet. He presented the framed copy of the story, which was published in the *DePauw Daily*, in connection with a short talk on "The Birth and Growth of Sigma Delta Chi."

C. P. HELFENSTEIN, editor and publisher of the *Suwannee Democrat*, a weekly paper at Live Oak, Florida; PROFESSOR BUFORD O. BROWN, exchange professor of journalism from Stanford University; and W. LAYTON DINNING, past president of the Florida chapter, were other speakers on the program. In an initiation preceding the banquet, Mr. Helfenstein was made an associate member of the chapter and WILLIAM D. AVERA an active member.

Members of the Florida chapter recently published a special 44-page Press Convention edition of the *Suwannee Democrat* featuring short biographies of 90 Florida newspapermen.

GEORGE MILBURN (Oklahoma '31) was the author of "Heel, Toe and A 1, 2, 3, 4," in the *American Mercury* for April.

HARRY F. BUSEY (Ohio State Associate) was promoted, late in March, from associate editor of the *Columbus (O.) Citizen* to the newly created position of editor of the Scripps-Howard Bureau at Columbus. Mr. Busey becomes a coordinating editor and chief state editorial writer for the six Scripps-Howard

newspapers in Ohio. He has been with Scripps-Howard and its predecessors in Columbus and Cleveland since 1906, with the exception of three years. News chief of the bureau will be HAL W. CONEFREY (Illinois '15), veteran Scripps-Howard capitol reporter.

CHASE S. OSBORN, JR. (Michigan '11), since 1920 editor of the *Fresno (Cal.) Morning Republican*, and GEORGE A. OSBORN, publisher, have sold the *Republican* to the *Fresno Bee*, evening daily. The latter will continue in the evening field under the name *Bee and Republican*. Replacing the *Republican* in the morning field is the *Fresno Tribune*, owned by the *Bee* publishers and manned largely by former *Republican* employees.

PAUL MILLER (Oklahoma ex-'30), formerly director of the bureau of information and service at Oklahoma A. and M. College, Stillwater, Okla., is now with the *Columbus, O.*, bureau of the Associated Press.

HOWARD P. LEWIS (Oregon State College '24) received his M.D. from the University of Oregon Medical School, June, 1930. Dr. Lewis is now head resident physician in the Department of Medicine at the Multnomah County Hospital, Portland, Oregon.

IVAN BOXELL (Indiana '28) is director of organization of the Brooklyn, N. Y., Chamber of Commerce, one of the largest commercial-civic organizations in the country. He went to the Brooklyn organization after doing Chamber of Commerce organization work in national scope as a campaign director for the American City Bureau of Chicago.

SILAS B. RAGSDALE (Texas '18), managing editor of the *Galveston (Tex.) Daily News*, morning, and *Tribune*, afternoon paper has been reelected secretary-treasurer of the News Publishing Company, Inc., publishers of the two newspapers.

EUGENE S. ROBB (Nebraska '30) has resigned from the copy desk of the *Lincoln (Neb.) Star* to handle publicity for European student cruises during the summer. In the fall he will enter Princeton University for graduate study.

H. N. SWANSON (Grinnell '22), editor of *College Humor*, has been delegated by David O. Selznick, executive vice-president of R.K.O., Hollywood film producers, to add a group of "creative collegians" to the studio staff. The collegians selected will be given a free hand and told to disregard all motion-

picture trends and cycles, according to Selznick. They will be encouraged to submit ideas, however radical they may appear.

JEAN PAUL KING (Washington '26) is a staff announcer for the National Broadcasting Company, Chicago studios.

Among American newspaper correspondents in China whose reports were widely read during the active fighting in Manchuria and Shanghai were JOHN B. POWELL (Missouri Associate), veteran China correspondent for the *Chicago Tribune* and editor and publisher of the *China Weekly Review*, Shanghai; GLENN BABB (Missouri Associate) and MORRIS J. HARRIS (Missouri '21), correspondents of the Associated Press in Tokyo and Shanghai, respectively, and VICTOR KEEN (Colorado and Missouri '22), China correspondent of the *New York Herald Tribune*. Also located near the war scene are MAURICE VOTAW (Missouri '19), registrar of St. John's College, Shanghai, and professor of journalism, and FRANK L. MARTIN (Missouri Associate), former editor of *THE QUILL*, now associate dean of the Missouri School of Journalism on leave as exchange professor of journalism at Yenching University, Peiping, China.

EMBREE JAILLITE (Kansas '30) is editor of the *Mountain States Insurer*, in Denver, Colo.

BICE CLEMOW (Washington '32), recently married to Miss Esther Logan of Seattle, Wash., has joined the editorial staff of the *Snohomish (Wash.) County Tribune*. Clemow was graduated from the University of Washington school of journalism last March. He will work under the direction of THOMAS DOBBS (Washington '18) at Snohomish.

PAUL R. KELTY (Oregon Associate), *Portland Oregonian*; ROBERT W. SAWYER (Oregon Associate), *Bend Bulletin*; VERNE MCKINNEY (Oregon State '23), *Hillsboro Argus-Independent*, and EARL RICHARDSON (Oregon '20), *Dallas Itemizer Observer*, comprise the committee of Oregon editors now working with the state board of higher education in a movement to continue the University of Oregon school of journalism, which was abolished as an economy measure. The committee has submitted a plan which the board is now considering.

JOHN MONTGOMERY (Kansas '25) was among the first reporters at the scene of the recent Santiago quake. He is general manager of the *Havana Post-Telegram*.

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A promotion manager who has specialized in education and promotional work with agencies and newspapers.

A copyreader or rewrite man with several years of experience on the desks of metropolitan dailies and with press associations.

Good men—men with training and experience varying from that of the cub reporter who has just completed his collegiate training in journalism to that of publisher, and from classified advertising solicitor to that of business manager—are ready and willing to serve you. If you have an opening let us put you in touch with likely prospects. Write or wire—

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